

Hate That I Want You by Luddleston

Category: Voltron: Legendary Defender

Genre: Anal Sex, Enemies to Lovers, First Kiss, First Time, Friends With Benefits, Hook-Up, Keith is bad at emotions, M/M, Misunderstandings, Unrequited Love, in that griffin is love with keith and keith has no idea

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Summary:

Keith didn't want to go out, Keith didn't want to go to this club, and Keith sure as hell didn't want to run into James Griffin.

He's not sure *why* the guy he punched in the seventh grade is trying to buy him a drink, but it's weird enough that he's gotta see where this goes.

Hate That I Want You

Author's Note:

It's very weird writing unrequited love from the person who is not the one in love. I honestly have no idea if I've done that before but HERE IT IS.

Basically: Keith spend a lot of his time trying to fuck with Griffin but ends up getting fucked by Griffin. Magical.

“Come out with us, Keith, it’ll be fun!”

Keith belatedly realized that had been the sound of Lance lying to him.

This was not fun. Keith had thought they were going to the usual bar. The usual bar had a pool table and comfortable chairs and really good mozzarella sticks. This was not the usual bar. This place had strobe lights and a shitty fog machine and overpriced shots with stupid names.

It wasn't that Keith didn't like clubs. It was just that Keith didn't like going to a club when he thought they were going to the usual bar. It was sweltering inside, and Keith knew that if he took off his jacket, he'd never see it again. He'd worn his favorite leather jacket, the one that was almost thirty years old and had belonged to his mother, so there was no way he was risking that. The heat made dancing sound like a horrible idea, and so Keith sat at the bar, watching Lance make an idiot of himself while Pidge filmed him. Allura, who was dancing near them, was managing to look elegant even in a mass of sweaty club-goers.

Keith could have gone about this so much better. He could have done what Hunk did and ditched as soon as he found out they were going somewhere with no snacks. He could have made plans with Shiro last-minute and spent the night eating pizza and watching shitty horror movies while Shiro screamed and hid behind him.

He considered ordering another drink, but they were so goddamn expensive. Keith missed the shitty two-dollar beers at the usual bar. He asked for a water instead, because he knew Pidge had a flask hidden somewhere in the pockets of her cargo shorts.

Keith managed to squeeze himself into an open barstool without spilling much of his water and drank about a third of it in one go, sucking on an ice cube to mitigate the heat. Someone sat down at the barstool next to him, but Keith knew that if he faced that direction, he'd get a strobe light to the face, so he continued to watch as Lance flipped his shit over running into one of his friends at the club. Figures. That guy knew everyone. Although, Keith thought, as he watched Lance hug her, that girl did look kind of familiar.

The person next to him tapped him on the shoulder, and that did get Keith to turn, squinting and trying to decide whether to punch them for touching him.

“Keith?”

God, fuck, he should have gone with punching.

“Griffin.”

He should've realized why the girl talking to Lance looked familiar. And then he should have gotten the hell out of there, because Rizavi didn't go anywhere without Griffin, sort of like how Keith didn't go anywhere without either Pidge or Hunk or Shiro. But totally not like that at all, because Keith wasn't comparing himself to James Griffin.

“Been a while,” Griffin said. He nearly had to yell to be heard over the music.

“Yeah,” Keith replied, probably not loud enough to be heard, but annoyed enough to be understood. Sure, he'd gone to school with Griffin since the seventh grade, but twelve year old Keith had decided Griffin was his mortal enemy and twenty-two year old Keith still sort of believed it. Goddammit, Keith thought he'd almost gone his entire undergraduate career without interacting with that douche outside of rolling his eyes at Griffin's tweets

and seeing him walk across campus sometimes with all his friends and his stupid perfect hair. Even now, Griffin was way overdressed in a short-sleeved button-down that looked straight out of an ad for J Crew.

“Can I buy you a drink?” Griffin ventured.

Keith had no idea why Griffin was offering, but he could definitely afford the stupid cocktails here, and so Keith was gonna take advantage of that.

“Yeah, you can,” Keith agreed.

“What do you want?”

He shrugged. “Whatever you’re having.”

Griffin nodded and hopped off the barstool, wading through the crowd of people to get to the service area of the bar, which was a task Keith particularly didn't want to repeat, and so he appreciated Griffin's offer even more. Griffin leaned onto the bar to order, and Keith wasn't sure why he found himself bristling at the way the bartender leaned in as well, ignoring any other patrons in lieu of staring right at Griffin. He really didn't have to get that close to hear what Griffin was saying, but Keith wasn't an idiot. He knew there was something that made people like Griffin, probably situated in between the polite smiles and the handsome jawline, and although it was endlessly irritating to watch yet another person fall for that charm, Keith appreciated the fact that it meant they got their drinks faster.

Somebody else occupied Griffin's seat while he was busy getting drinks, and Keith didn't stop them. He figured it meant Griffin wouldn't stick around, not that it meant Griffin would just invite him out onto the back patio instead. Whatever. Keith was happy to go somewhere he wouldn't be able to hear the obnoxious bass pounding.

The drink Griffin had bought him was some cocktail Keith didn't recognize, but he thought it was whiskey-based. Or bourbon. Honestly, Keith wasn't sure what the difference was. Shiro had tried to explain it to him once and Keith hadn't listened very well.

The patio smelled like an ashtray, but it was cooler once they were outside. The music faded behind them as the door shut, leaving Keith's ears ringing.

He and Griffin enjoyed their drinks silently for approximately two whole minutes before Griffin said, "didn't expect to see you here," like he casually ran into Keith places, and Keith simultaneously said, "okay, seriously, what do you want?"

"I don't want anything—"

"Bullshit." Keith knocked back the last of his drink. It'd been made with too much ice and not enough alcohol. "You haven't talked to me in four years and now you're buying me drinks? What the fuck, man."

Griffin appeared to struggle to find the right words for a moment. Then he said, "why don't you like me?" Then, he frowned like those hadn't been the right words at all.

"Why *would* I like you? Do you even remember how we met?"

"Yeah." Griffin nodded and took another sip of his drink, which he was consuming at a normal pace, unlike Keith. "We were in junior year of high school, I asked for you to vote for me for student council, and you crumpled up my flier and told me where to shove it."

Keith stares at Griffin for a long moment, wondering how someone could be so goddamn wrong. "That's not how we met!" he protested, "it was in the seventh grade!" He did remember that thing with the flier, though.

"No we didn't, you came from the other middle school," Griffin corrected him, like Keith didn't remember his own childhood. Granted, he'd tried to block out a lot of it.

"No. No," he said, "we were in seventh grade together, and I was sitting alone at lunch. You asked me to join you, and I said no, and then you said some bullshit like 'what, didn't your mom ever teach you how to make friends?' and then I punched you."

“That was you?” Griffin looked incredulous, wow, he really didn’t remember, did he?

“Yeah, man. And then I got switched to a different foster home and didn’t see you again ‘til high school.” Keith cocked his head and stared at Griffin. “If you forgot that, why did you hate me so much? Was it because I tore up your stupid flier?”

“No,” Griffin said mulishly, in the kind of way that made Keith think it was.

“Listen, I don’t know why you have this weird thing where everyone has to like you, but that’s not how life works.” Keith was becoming increasingly irritated, but tried to speak like he wasn’t.

“I don’t have a thing!” Griffin protested.

“Really? Mister student council president, prom king, valedictorian?”

Griffin set down his drink, which was also mostly ice now. “Salutatorian,” he corrected, “Ina was valedictorian.”

Keith rolled his eyes. “I don’t give a fuck what you were. I just know you need everybody to love you and I’m the one person who doesn’t, or something.”

“That’s not it,” Griffin hissed through his teeth, “I was mad at you because I liked you but the only time I tried to talk to you, you told me to fuck off!”

Keith let out a hysterical bark of laughter. “You *liked* me?” It was news to him. He almost didn’t believe it, but Griffin didn’t have any reason to make that up.

“Shut up, I had a crush on you, whatever.” Griffin tried to hide his mumbling in another sip of his drink, before realizing his glass was empty. It was kind of cute, and Keith wasn’t sure if thinking Griffin was cute was an indication that he needed to sober up or that he needed another drink.

“You have a crush on me,” Keith repeated, amused. “Adorable.”

“I don’t have a crush on you *now*,” Griffin said, rolling his eyes, “I was sixteen. Past tense.”

“Okay, then why are you buying me drinks?” Keith asked, shaking his cup so the ice rattled around inside.

Griffin looked at him, focused in, and Keith wasn’t sure if he was angry or just intense. “Because I want to fuck you.”

If Keith had been anybody else, his jaw would have dropped. But Keith was a master of remaining calm under the wildest of circumstances, including James fucking Griffin propositioning him. He grinned instead, because, if nothing else, this was a great excuse to mess with Griffin. “What makes you think I’d let you fuck me?”

Griffin stammered something unintelligible but loud enough to draw the attention of a few other patrons at the club, which Keith kind of enjoyed. Griffin had always been the type of person who couldn’t stand the thought of outside judgment. Keith, who didn’t give a shit what anyone thought of him ever, was somewhat amused with Griffin suffering the stares of curious onlookers. He continued to not speak actual words. Keith raised an eyebrow, waiting for an answer.

“You don’t have to. Let me. We can. I mean, you can. You could fuck me, too, it doesn’t really matter, but my *point* is. Well. You know.”

There were definitely a few people tuned into the conversation enough to be listening and snickering and Keith snickered about it, too. “Well, you know?” he asked. “You know, I don’t think I actually do. You should probably explain it.” Was messing with Griffin like this actually going to get him laid? Probably not. Was he going to enjoy the particular shade of red Griffin’s face went under the dim patio lighting? Absolutely.

“Shut up. Fuck you. I take it back.” Griffin scowled at him and took a step back.

The pang of disappointment Keith felt surprised him so much he grasped Griffin’s arm as Griffin turned and walked away. He looked down at his

hand around Griffin's wrist, wondering why it had decided to grab Griffin of its own accord like that.

"Griffin. Wait."

"What?" Griffin sounded thoroughly humiliated, which Keith normally would have enjoyed, but instead he found himself guilty and desperately wanting to fix it.

"James," he said instead. Had he ever used Griffin's first name before? He must have. Middle schoolers didn't call each other by their last names. But for so long, Griffin had been nothing but Griffin, said with a particular brand of malice Keith conjured up especially for him.

Maybe that was why Griffin stopped dead in his tracks. Keith really didn't have time to consider Griffin's thought process though, because he was busy yanking Griffin closer and doing what Keith did best—acting without thinking.

When Keith considered his actions later on, he realized that sweeping Griffin off his feet and planting a kiss on him might not have been the best idea. There was a significant chance Griffin would have shoved him away or returned that punch from so many years ago. There was also a chance Griffin would have been deeply offended and would never want to speak to Keith again, which, after this conversation, would make Keith's life decidedly less interesting.

Instead, Griffin leaned into it, kissing Keith back with the kind of passion inappropriate for a small public space. Keith didn't care. Keith took a step back until he had his back against the patio fence and his front against Griffin, enjoying the frantic way Griffin clutched at him, as though Keith was going to stop now of all times.

Keith wasn't exactly sure what he'd been expecting, but reality was better than whatever he could have imagined. He'd been assuming Griffin would be awkward about the whole thing, clumsy and unpracticed. Instead, Griffin kissed like he'd managed to find some people who didn't care about the stick up his ass, which really shouldn't have made Keith burn with jealousy.

Griffin could kiss whoever he wanted. It didn't matter. The only thing that mattered now was the fact that Griffin had recovered from his original surprise and was now pinning Keith to the wall and kissing him with force. Keith was never letting Griffin know that this was exactly what he liked. He'd be so goddamn smug. And there was nothing worse than Griffin being so goddamn smug about the way he was tongue-fucking Keith.

Keith stroked Griffin's back, hands slowing to feel at his surprisingly defined muscles. Of course Griffin worked out. Of course he just had to be the perfect specimen of a man, the platonic ideal of whatever Keith was attracted to. Keith bet his dick was perfect, too. And then he was kicking himself for thinking about Griffin's dick. This was supposed to be a one-way street—Griffin with some ridiculous crush on Keith, Keith with the mental and emotional ability to turn Griffin down if he wanted to. He didn't have to sleep with Griffin. He didn't.

Then, one of Griffin's hands brushed across the lapels of Keith's favorite leather jacket with exactly the kind of reverence it deserved, and Keith realized he'd do anything Griffin wanted, just for tonight.

Keith pulled away, which took effort, because he liked kissing Griffin better than talking to him, and grasped the back of Griffin's neck to pull him in closer, saying, "okay," into his ear, softer than it needed to be.

"Okay, what?" Griffin asked, his hands hovering in the vicinity of Keith's sides like he'd just realized he was in the middle of a public patio making out with somebody.

"Okay, I'll let you fuck me."

Griffin looked around for a moment. There were definitely some people side-eyeing them. Keith thought Griffin was weighing the social disaster of getting caught by somebody he knew. And then he must have decided it didn't matter, because he was kissing Keith again, this time with even more fervor, his hands more confident as he grasped Keith's waist to pull him closer.

Keith had the distinct sense of a presence to his right, but it wasn't like he was gonna stop just because somebody was standing there. That somebody coughed pointedly. Asshole. Keith didn't bother looking up, because he was busy trying to determine whether he could get Griffin to melt against him even more if he kissed his neck in this particular spot.

He didn't actually stop until he heard Griffin start stammering again and somebody else that sounded a lot like Pidge saying, "uh, Keith?" She sounded like she was concerned for Keith's sanity. Her wariness was very sensible, Keith thought, because he, too, would be confused if he walked in on somebody making out with their sworn enemy. Or anybody making out with James Griffin, ever.

"What?" Keith asked. He sounded out of breath. That was because he was out of breath. That was because Griffin's thigh was shoved between his legs. When did that happen? Keith didn't care.

"We're leaving," Pidge said, "Lance wants to go to another club."

"Huh?" Keith's brain couldn't catch up. Griffin was moving away, but Keith stopped him from going too far by hooking his forefinger through Griffin's belt loop. Pidge wouldn't give a shit, except maybe to ask Keith if he was losing his fucking mind, but he'd explain, it'd be fine.

"This girl Lance likes is at another club down the street, we're going there," Pidge said, "are you coming?"

He was coming tonight, sure, but he wasn't going with them. "No. Tell Lance I'm fed up with his shit," he said, although he really shouldn't have been sending Pidge off with messages for Lance.

"Whatever," Pidge said, "text me if you need a ride home—no, text Hunk if you need a ride home."

Keith gave her the world's most unenthusiastic thumbs-up and she disappeared back into the bar. Griffin stared dumbfounded after her, freezing up when Keith tried to pull him back in and pick up where they'd left off.

"Wait, so... what are we doing?" Griffin asked.

"I'd be down for going somewhere with a bed," Keith said. "The bathroom works fine, though, I guess." Not that Keith would actually fuck someone in a bathroom. He just sort of liked the way Griffin's face twisted up at the idea.

"My apartment is three blocks away," Griffin said, "Ryan—my roommate—he shouldn't be home tonight." He sounded just as desperate as Keith felt.

"Yeah, that's good," Keith said, and then made no effort to leave the patio, going back to sucking on Griffin's neck because he wanted him to leave with marks, wanted everybody who saw him for the next week to know that Griffin wasn't a perfect little golden boy like they all thought.

"Keith," Griffin hissed, when Keith started groping his ass, because hey, Pidge and the rest were all gone, there was nobody around to embarrass Keith. "Keith, c'mon. I really don't wanna walk three blocks with a hard-on."

"You should've worn a jacket or something," Keith said, fitting them together so that Griffin was straddling his thigh, which Griffin seemed to both enjoy and despise. Keith himself was fairly glad his own jacket was long enough to cover the evidence that, despite all odds, Griffin was turning him on.

"Keith," Griffin said again, his mouth against Keith's this time. He kissed Keith, but didn't let it linger. "Come home with me."

"Don't wanna walk back through that goddamn dance floor," Keith said. The patio didn't feature a back door, because that meant the club would need to have an additional bouncer, which seemed to be too much to ask of them.

"I'll hold your hand," Griffin teased, grinning at him, eyes bright, that perfect hair mussed up from Keith's hands running through it.

Keith shoved at his chest. “Don’t do that,” he said, stalking towards the back door. He didn’t check behind himself to see if Griffin was following him. He knew Griffin wasn’t going to lose him.

“Someone spilled their drink on me,” Griffin said, plucking at his alcohol-stained shirt once they made their way out of the club, ears still buzzing from the pounding music.

“Good thing I’m taking that off of you,” Keith said, and it made Griffin pick up the pace, walking so fast Keith had to jog a step and a half to catch up. Goddamn him and his long legs.

He was pretty sure Griffin’s apartment was further than three blocks away. It must have been at least five, or maybe it felt so long because there was nothing Keith wanted to do more than see how Griffin liked being pinned to a wall instead. He’d put good money on Griffin just straight up coming in his pants if Keith shoved him against a wall, kissed him, maybe bit his neck a little, and then got on his knees. It wasn’t like Keith wanted to blow him, it was just that he was almost certain that just the idea could get Griffin to lose it.

Griffin wouldn’t even let Keith stop to make out with him against a street lamp. That was probably a good thing, because making out against a street lamp felt unduly romantic. Keith was not trying to be romantic, he was trying to get laid and he was also almost walking past Griffin’s apartment building in his haste. To his credit, he didn’t know what it looked like and he wasn’t paying attention to how many blocks they’d walked.

Griffin unlocked the front door and then headed straight for the stairs, even though he lived on the fourth floor. Of course that asshole took the stairs. Griffin clearly went to the gym and didn’t need the health benefits of climbing stairs when Keith could have been giving him more hickeys in the elevator. It was a shame.

Griffin’s apartment was pitch black and Keith managed to hide the fact that he tripped on the welcome mat before Griffin flipped on a light. Keith was expecting the kind of bright fluorescents his apartment was equipped with,

before he bought a lot of lamps and used those instead, but apparently Griffin's apartment came with mood lighting. Of course it did.

Keith couldn't really give a fuck about the lighting, though, because Griffin was starting to look nervous and Keith couldn't have him chickening out now.

He figured the best way to fix that was just to kiss Griffin again, and Keith's instincts, as usual, were right. Now that they weren't surrounded by the noise of people talking and the music blasting from inside the club, Keith could hear all the little sighs and breathy noises Griffin was making. It was... it was way too much. The mood lighting, the noises, the way Griffin was moving slower, less frantically, more... more romantic. Nope. Nope. Keith was expressly not here for romance. He was here to show Griffin how fucking awesome he was in bed—better than Griffin was, for sure—and then he was going to sneak out before the bars closed to find wherever his friends had gone off to. There was no time for this.

That's why Keith hauled Griffin off and away toward the bedrooms, only pausing to ask, "which one's yours?"

Griffin nodded toward the left. Keith shouldered the door open, and didn't need to drag Griffin through the door, because Griffin followed him without complaint.

Griffin's bedroom was almost comically neat. The guy really couldn't have any flaws, could he? His bed was even made. Well, whatever, that was gonna be a mess in a minute. There was a wireless speaker sitting on Griffin's nightstand, and Keith flicked it on, trying and failing to get his phone to connect.

"What are you doing?" Griffin asked.

"Putting on music." Keith didn't tell him he was doing it so that he wouldn't have to listen to all Griffin's noises.

Griffin glanced at Keith's phone and pointed out that his bluetooth was switched off. Oh.

It wasn't like Keith had a playlist specifically for hookups. It was like Keith had a playlist that he used to use for workouts until he played it too many times during hookups and now he could no longer work out to it. But it was loud, fast, and free of interruptions (Keith had gotten Spotify premium a few months ago when he brought a guy home and Spotify ruined the mood by blasting an ad for a toothbrush right in the middle of things.) Keith didn't turn it up as loud as he usually would, because nobody's roommate was there to pound on the door if they heard the bed creaking, but it was loud enough.

Keith wasn't expecting Griffin to practically yank him down onto the bed, but he wasn't complaining about it. It was yet another thing that Griffin couldn't have known Keith was into, and Keith was determined not to tell him that. He was determined not to tell Griffin a lot of things, which was fine, because it was hard to talk with Griffin's tongue in his mouth, anyways. Griffin straddled him on the bed, kissing him like he had something to prove. Being Griffin, he probably thought he did. Keith just hoped Griffin wouldn't get too pissed off at him for wearing shoes on the bed. He just hadn't had time to take off his boots, and honestly, he didn't know when Griffin took his own shoes off.

Griffin leaned back, stripping off his shirt in a way that he probably thought was sexy. It wasn't inherently sexy, but the fact that Griffin had surprisingly chiseled abs for somebody so slim was definitely more so. Also, Griffin definitely did some manscaping. Keith wasn't sure if he liked that, or if it made Griffin look like even more of a perfectionist douchebag.

He decided to shove that decision to the side for later, and kiss Griffin again instead. He had to sit up to do so, which meant that Griffin could nudge Keith's jacket off his shoulders and onto the bed behind him. He didn't do so with the ferocity with which he'd pushed Keith onto the bed in the first place, and Keith appreciated that, because his jacket was quite possibly the most precious thing he owned, and somehow, Griffin seemed to realize that.

Keith realized, soon, just how much attention Griffin had paid him.

Once Keith managed to kick his shoes off and lay his leather jacket over the back of Griffin's desk chair, they fell back into bed together, with Keith on

top this time. He spent a moment too long running his hand over Griffin's torso, before curling his fingers into the waistband of Griffin's too-expensive jeans.

Griffin kissed him at the corner of his jaw, just below his earlobe. "Remember when you got your ears pierced?" he asked, his mouth moving over the scar that was not quite a hole that was left in the wake of that particular incident. He'd managed to hide the piercing under long hair and a hat for all of a month before his foster family at the time had figured it out.

"Foster parents made me get rid of it," Keith said. "Said I was too young to be doing any permanent 'damage' to myself. God. You'd've thought I got a full sleeve." He'd been fifteen at the time. It was before he'd told Griffin to shove it. Griffin must've still had a crush on him back then.

"You do have a tattoo, though, right?" Griffin asked.

He was half-right. Keith actually had three tattoos. The first, which he'd gotten on his eighteenth birthday, was a stylized wolf running down his forearm. The second was on his back, just at the start of his spine. It looked like it could just be an abstract geometric shape, but was actually a family symbol belonging to his mother, which he'd had done after he reunited with her about a year and a half ago. The third was a bloom of desert flowers, the kind that flooded the desert after a rare rainstorm.

That one was on his hip, trailing toward his inner thigh, so Griffin definitely hadn't seen it.

"Yeah," he said, lifting his arm demonstratively. "Didn't realize you'd noticed."

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Why the hell *would* you?"

Griffin gave Keith space to pull off his shirt and turn around, displaying the dark lines inked into his back. He traced over them with his fingertips,

which was unnerving in its intimacy. Nobody had ever touched Keith like that. He decided he wasn't a fan.

Keith turned around so that Griffin couldn't caress his tattoo any longer, seizing Griffin with one hand on the back of his neck and his opposite forefinger snagged on Griffin's belt loop. "Come on," he said, "you're not stopping now, are you?"

The taunt was enough to get Griffin moving, pushing Keith down underneath him again, which just wouldn't work. Nah. Keith was gonna let Griffin fuck him, sure, but he was planning on being on top. He let Griffin remain where he was for a while, though, because Griffin was leaning on him more heavily this time, and it meant he was riding one of Keith's thighs, and Keith purposefully moved under him, grinding them together in a way that was reminiscent of how they'd been all over each other at the bar.

Now this, this was a type of intimacy Keith could deal with.

"You should take your clothes off," Keith suggested. It was blunt as all hell, but whatever. Griffin should take his clothes off.

Griffin did have to get off of Keith's lap to finish undressing, and Keith stripped out of his own jeans and boxers, dumping them unceremoniously on Griffin's floor.

"Fuck's sake, Griffin. Take your underwear off, too," Keith said, peeling off his socks and dropping those atop the pile of his other clothes.

"I was going to," Griffin said, even though he clearly was not. How much foreplay was he planning on, here?

About three hours ago, Keith would have been extremely annoyed by the idea that a naked James Griffin could be exactly the perfect specimen of masculinity Griffin always seemed to think he was. At present, Keith was still somewhat annoyed, but he also liked the shape of Griffin's dick, and so he placed that above the annoyance in his mind.

"Quit staring," Griffin said, rolling his eyes and then doing some staring of his own, at the tattoo on Keith's hip and thigh. As planned.

"Do something to distract me, then," Keith challenged.

He didn't quite expect it to have Griffin on top of him in the next second, but Keith couldn't say he was disappointed. It was a clumsy fall backward onto the bed sheets, but Griffin made a valiant effort not to squish Keith, even if Keith could probably handle his weight just fine. Griffin kissed him again, one hand cradling the side of Keith's head while his other traced the floral patterns over Keith's hip. Keith still wasn't a fan of this whole 'Griffin touching his tattoos in a very soft and tender way' thing, but it was more tolerable when Griffin was tongue-fucking him. Plus, Keith could wrap his leg around Griffin's hip and dislodge his hand, and god, the grinding was so much better now that they were both naked.

Keith reminded himself every so often just how obnoxious and douchey and generally terrible Griffin was, because that way, he wouldn't come after approximately thirty seconds. Griffin was the actual worst, and he was not allowed to be this good at this, and Keith was going to lose his fucking mind if Griffin was this good at *everything*.

No, that was ridiculous. No one was a perfect sex god, least of all James fucking Griffin. There was something embarrassing or terrible he did in bed, there had to be, and Keith was going to find it. Or else, he was just going to put all of his efforts into making Griffin come in approximately thirty seconds. Except that meant Griffin wouldn't get to fuck him, unless Keith came by and did this *again*, which, no. Not even thinking about it.

Keith focused instead on the delicate balance between finding something that would drive Griffin crazy—and not in the good way, in the crazy way—and actually enjoying the sex. It wasn't exactly working.

"Bite me," he told Griffin, "I like it rough."

He didn't always, but he figured it'd be funny to watch Griffin flounder, and it wasn't like Griffin would get *that* rough, anyway.

Instead, Griffin grinned at him, his fingers digging into Keith's thigh. "Do you?" he asked, and, without waiting for an answer, he ducked his head to scrape his teeth along the length of the tendon in Keith's neck, kissing his way back up before sucking what would eventually be a super obvious hickey into his skin.

Oh.

Fuck.

He was good at this, too.

Keith tipped his head back, which only gave Griffin more room to work, annoyed with himself for moaning louder than the music. Annoyed with Griffin for being good enough at this to make Keith make that noise. He told himself the way his fingernails dug into Griffin's back was vengeful, but it was just horny, really.

That was enough of that.

Keith shoved Griffin off of him with more force than necessary, and thankfully, Griffin's bed was big enough that he could tip Griffin right onto his back so that he could sit almost on top of him and ask, with exactly no decorum, where the lube was.

Griffin scrambled to find it, his face bright red, and Keith watched him duck into the attached bathroom, a bit jealous that Griffin had an attached bathroom and incredibly confused about why Griffin kept his lube in the bathroom.

"Get a condom, too!" Keith called after him.

He replied with a muffled, "those are in the nightstand!" and so Keith found one himself, just as Griffin walked back in.

"So," Keith asked, gleefully anticipating the kind of nervous rambling he usually got out of men for pointed questions like this, "what were you doing with that in the bathroom?"

Griffin scoffed, like he was more annoyed at Keith for asking than anything. "Getting off in the shower," he said.

Part of Keith wanted to say that wasn't as fun as he'd thought that interrogation would be, but the other part was imagining Griffin in the shower, his soaked hair plastered out of his face, his skin red from the heat, steam clouding around him as the sound of rushing water covered up whatever noises Griffin made when he fingered himself—

Okay, no more of that, either.

Griffin knelt between Keith's legs, and nearly eased him onto his back again when Keith came to, dragged out of his reverie by the reminder that, no, he was not planning on this position in the slightest.

"I want to be on top," he said, reversing their places on the bed. Griffin was easy enough to muscle around, mostly because he seemed pretty down for whatever Keith wanted, here, but he shook his head like he was coming to once Keith was in his lap.

"Wait, I thought you said I could..."

"I mean, you can still fuck me. I'm just gonna ride you," Keith said, like it was the easiest and most logical thing in the universe. And it was. He'd have thought Griffin would've figured it out by now.

"Oh. Okay," Griffin said, suddenly frozen in place.

Keith cocked his head to one side. "What did you think we were gonna do? Some missionary shit?" He snatched the lube from where Griffin had dropped it on the bed.

"No, no," Griffin said, like he very much did think they were gonna do some missionary shit. Like he was the kind of person who used the words "making love" with any kind of seriousness. Shiro did that. Keith usually smacked him in the shoulder and told him he sounded like an old man whenever he did.

But if Griffin said anything about lovemaking, Keith would be up and out the door before he could finish that thought, because nope, that was not what Keith was here for. He didn't do the whole 'dating for years and years and falling in love and getting engaged on the beach' thing like Shiro did.

(Okay, so, technically Shiro hadn't gotten engaged on the beach yet, but Keith had had to listen to his elaborate proposal plans.)

Or maybe Griffin hadn't been stunned into silence because of that, but rather, because he was staring at Keith straddling him and huh, that was kind of flattering. Griffin's fingers trailed up Keith's hip, and Keith would've thought Griffin was doing the weird shit with his tattoo again, except this was the wrong hip. Griffin's eyes remained on him as Keith reached behind himself, spreading himself open, rolling his hips to fuck himself on his own fingers because he was nothing if not a little bit of a showoff.

Griffin's mouth hung open. It brought a smile to Keith's face and a desire to fill Griffin's mouth up with something to his brain. God, that was a thought. Keith sitting on the edge of the bed with Griffin kneeling between his legs. Keith already knew he was good with his mouth.

"If you don't make me finish while you're fucking me, you're gonna suck me off," Keith said. "Find something to use that pretty mouth for."

Griffin took Keith's cock in one warm hand and stroked him slowly, thumbing the head. "Sure," he said, like he knew he'd get Keith off before he'd have to make good on that bet. Goddamn him and his ridiculously nice hands. Keith bet Griffin was like Lance, with a bathroom drawer full of eight different moisturizers.

This was definitely not the best time to think about Lance, though. He was almost as bad as Griffin. Almost.

"Are you just gonna touch me all night, or are you gonna fuck me?" Keith asked, and it wasn't because Keith was going to come if Griffin kept touching him.

"Yeah, come here," Griffin said, and instead of dragging Keith's hips closer so that he was seated on his cock, Griffin reached up, grasping Keith's shoulder to pull him closer and kiss him again. Keith, unprepared, almost forgot to respond, but his momentary shock gave Griffin ample time to lick into his mouth. Keith could feel Griffin's cock rubbing against his thigh, and while part of him desperately wanted to get on with it, another part was content to sink into this moment. To just let Griffin hold him.

He must've been more drunk than he thought.

Keith was starting to regret situating himself in a position where he was face to face with Griffin, and reminded himself that it was so he could see whatever stupid face Griffin made during sex and laugh him off the face of the planet for it later. He sat up, putting enough distance between them that Griffin couldn't stop him in his tracks with any more kisses.

Griffin threw one arm over his face when Keith finally sank down, his opposite hand digging into Keith's thigh, probably leaving nail marks, but whatever. He was already going home with some physical reminders, what was one more? He grabbed Griffin's wrist, nudging his arm out of the way so that he could see the look on Griffin's face when Keith started fucking himself on Griffin's cock. He didn't start slow, either.

Griffin didn't look like an idiot, and Keith had seen his fair share of dumb sex faces. It was, like most things about Griffin, almost disappointing but somehow still sexy. Or maybe everything was sexy in the current context. The context being Griffin's annoyingly perfect cock filling Keith up so goddamn good he wanted to scream but he didn't dare make any kind of sound that'd let Griffin know this was doing it for him.

Thank god Griffin had closed his eyes, because otherwise he'd be able to see the pleasure written across Keith's face.

Fuck, Keith was pretty sure he was losing their bet, whatever it'd been. Something about Keith not coming first. Yeah, that was seeming less and less likely. And honestly, Keith couldn't find it in him to care. The only thing that'd happen, in all likelihood, would be Keith finding out that

Griffin, in addition to every other goddamn thing, was also good at giving blowjobs, and Keith really didn't need to live with that information.

Keith found himself staring at the wall behind Griffin's head, and so he closed his eyes, which made it a hell of a lot easier to forget who was under him. Griffin clearly wasn't trying to do the same, not with the way he was moaning Keith's name loud enough to be heard over the music.

Of all the ways Keith would've thought he'd hear his name come out of Griffin's mouth, this wasn't high on the list.

And Griffin kept *touching* him, his hands caressing Keith's sides, squeezing his thighs and trailing all the way to his knees before making their way back up. It was like Griffin wanted to get his hands on as much of Keith as he could.

After a while, Griffin's eyes opened. "God," he said, his voice coming out like it was being choked out of him. Keith wasn't even doing that much, just keeping a rhythm, but it seemed to be enough. "God, fuck, Keith, that feels so—" More than enough.

"You like it?" Keith asked, a grin he couldn't help slicing across his face.

"Yeah. *Keith*." Griffin's hand rested on his hip, trailing closer to his cock. "Can I touch you?"

"Fuck, yes." Keith bit his lower lip so hard it was gonna hurt later, and James started to stroke him, going slower than Keith wanted. It felt amazing, yeah, but Keith wasn't there for caresses.

"You look so gorgeous like this," Griffin said, "you're perfect, taking it so well. So good, Keith."

Keith wasn't sure how his body could feel hotter, but Griffin was making it possible. It was tinged with embarrassment—Keith was kind of a slut for praise, but it wasn't like he went around telling people that. Actually, he preferred if guys never figured it out, because it was probably his biggest weakness.

"God, I could watch you like this forever."

"James," Keith said, the name slipping out before he could stop it, breathy, like a plea. Shit, he had to recover from that somehow. "Shut up and make me come."

Actually, if Griffin kept talking, he'd probably be able to make Keith come even faster. But he didn't call Keith's bluff, just kept going, kept saying something too low to be heard over the music. Keith didn't care what it was. He didn't care about much of anything aside from the orgasm he was riding out, so lost in it that he missed the part where Griffin tumbled Keith over into the bed, kissing him as Keith came back to himself slowly.

Griffin had pulled out, and was now rubbing off against Keith's thigh, which was admittedly a little weird considering Griffin still had a condom on, but Keith was busy trying to remember how to kiss right. He usually need a little longer to recover from an orgasm like that, but Griffin almost literally wasn't giving him a chance to breathe.

"What do you want?" Keith asked, trying to fit his hand between them to get Griffin off, but Griffin didn't move.

"Just this," Griffin said, "just kiss me."

Keith should have known he was in over his head when *that* was all it took to make Griffin come. That way boyfriend shit. That was madly in love shit. That was the kind of shit Keith had to stop thinking about, and instead focus on the fact that it was actually sort of polite of Griffin to keep the condom on because it meant Keith didn't get jizz all over his thigh. Although, he probably had jizz a bunch of other places because he'd come all over Griffin's stomach, and now Griffin was laying on him, and that was going to be challenging when Keith had to do a quick five-minute cleanup in the bathroom before getting the fuck out of here.

Griffin was still kissing Keith, even though he'd finished already, or at least Keith hoped he'd finished, because a guy could only stand getting his thigh humped for so long. Keith didn't entirely mind the kissing, but Griffin was moving slower, caressing Keith's cheek, kissing him very unlike a hookup

was supposed to. It made Keith feel a bit guilty, but not as much as it made him swell with an entirely different emotion he tried to stamp down.

Keith stood, turned off the speaker, and then, in the quiet, all he could hear was their breathing.

“I’m gonna go clean up,” he said.

Griffin was quiet for a moment. And then, “okay, yeah. Right.”

The time Keith spent in the bathroom was an exercise in turning his brain off. He glanced at himself in the mirror. His hair was a sweaty mess, his lips were swollen and red, and when he turned his head, he saw the enormous bite mark Griffin had left on his neck. He wasn’t gonna be able to cover that one with his hair. Fuck, he was a mess.

Griffin was still in bed when Keith left the bathroom. For once in his life, he didn’t look completely perfect, with the sheets still strewn crookedly around him and his hair just as bad as Keith’s. It was strangely attractive on him. Keith pulled his boxers on.

“You’re leaving?” Griffin asked, his voice lower than it had been.

“I shouldn’t stay,” Keith said. If he stayed, he might end up cuddling Griffin, and that was so far out of hookup territory Keith was gonna feel like he should’ve bought Griffin dinner first. “Pidge is gonna wonder where I am if I don’t come home tonight. And you don’t want her knocking your door down.”

“You have a weirdly protective roommate,” Griffin said.

Keith would do the same to Pidge, except that if she didn’t come home at night the only reason was that she’d stayed at her brother’s house playing video games too late and fell asleep on his couch. She sure as hell didn’t need rescuing from that. Shiro would probably try to make her breakfast, though, and that might generate an SOS.

“It’s. I’m just gonna go,” Keith said. Thank god for whatever technology allowed you to just send your location to someone without having to ask Griffin for his address to send Hunk a two AM ‘please come pick me up so I don’t have to do a walk of shame’ text. Hunk immediately responded, he must have been on call for drunken friend mistakes. Keith owed him one.

He dressed quickly, and when Griffin didn’t respond, Keith assumed he’d fallen asleep. Which was why he was surprised to see Griffin standing in the door to the living room, still shirtless, in a pair of sweatpants that were just tight enough to make it clear that he wasn’t wearing anything under them.

“You’re not just gonna not talk to me for another four years now, are you?” Griffin asked.

Yes. “No.”

“I’ll call you, then,” Griffin said, and Keith wasn’t sure if he was more disconcerted by the fact that Griffin had gotten his number somehow or the fact that Griffin still made phone calls.

Keith heard a car roll up outside the building at the same time his phone buzzed in his pocket to tell him Hunk was there. “Alright, sure. Actually, maybe text me. I don’t like talking on the phone.”

Griffin shook his head. "Should've guessed that."

Keith wasn't expecting Griffin to approach him, and he really wasn't expecting Griffin to kiss him goodbye, softer and more tender than need be, just like everything Griffin had given him that night.

Keith sighed to himself as he climbed into Hunk's car and pulled the door shut just a little too forcefully.

He was going to do this again, wasn't he.